NUMB. XXI.

The GRUMBLER.

By Squire GIZZARD.

From him his great Foresathers came,
And through all Ages bore his Name. Hudibras.

From *Friday* May 27. to *Tuesday* May 31. 1715.

IN one of my former Discourses, my Readers may remember, when I advanced that an Illustrious Parentage was of no Advantage to a Descendant of a degenerate Character: I laid it down as a Rule, at the same Time, that every Man's Vertues shone the brighter for being Hereditary. And since I have been at some Pains to illustrate this Truth, I cannot in Justice forbear *grumbling* at every Practice, that tends towards robbing a Family of the Glory of any One of its Ancestors.

This Theft is by no Method more effectually committed, than by the Alteration *Proper Names* have undergone, in order to make them chime in more naturally with a foreign Language. This Practice is very Gothick, and far from being warranted by the Example of any of the *Romans*, as appears from all their Writers; they were so cautious in this Particular, that you never find them defraud you of so much as one Syllable in any of the *Grecian* Names which occur so frequently in all their Books.

When this absurd Humour, of disguising *Proper Names*, first entered into the World, I have not been able to discover; but I find it did not become the universal Practice of learned Men, till the fifteenth Century. And from that Time it has continued very much in Vogue amongst *Latin* Authors even to this Day.

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There are two Methods, I have observed, by which the modern *Latin* Authors have feloniously attempted to mutilate their own and their Heroes Names. The First, and indeed the most enormous Contrivance in this Kind, has been by Way of Translation; of which I shall subjoin some few remarkable Instances.

A *Dutch-man* (whose Father had for many Years lived in an honest obscurity, and been called *myn Heer Verboonden*) having been bred up to Letters, found that by the Assistance of two *Greek* Words he might, without loosing the Signification of his Name, sound much more pompously in foreign Climates; and now he is only known by the Appellation of *Perizonius*.

Another great Professor in the same Country, who was descended from *myn Heer Glassen* (which in *English* we would translate Mr. *Glass*) being Master of a very happy Invention, has adopted to himself the long and sonorous Name of *Vitriarius*.

Nor has our Nation been much freer from this Affectation than their Neighbours: Our learned Primate Archbishop *Whitgift* gave into this fantastical Mode; and very cunningly discovering two *Greek* Words, which denote a *white Gift*, has made himself known to the learned World by that aweful Poly-Syllable *Leucodorus*. The famous *Pelagius* is likewise a literal Translation of the *Welsh* Compound *Morgan*, which is the genuine Name of that Writer whose Opinions have been so much controverted.

By

By these Examples, to which many more might be added, you may see the great Injury done to a Man's Posterity, when his original Name is thus translated away. All his Reputation then does not reflect the least Glory back upon his Family; since the *Verbeandens* do not, upon the Account of this one Eminent Man sprung up amongst them, become *Perizonius*'s, the *Glassenes* are not stiled *Vitriarius*'s, the Race of the *Whitgifts* do not obtain the Name of *Leucodorus*; nor can the *Morgans* reasonably hope to be construed into the Descendants of the famed *Pelagius*.

The Second Artifice, by which Men have falsifyed or disguized *Proper Names*, has been by giving them the Termination of some other Language.

Of this we meet with a Croud of Instances in *Thuanus*, who although the greatest Historian of his Age, is hardly known by his Family-Name of *De Thou*; and as he has metamorphosed his own Name, he has taken the same Freedom with all the great Men whom he has mentioned in his immortal Work: *Rochefaucaut* with him is *Rupifulcaudius*, *Lorrain*, is *Lotaringus*, *Chastillon Chastellionæus*, and *Mirebeau* is called *Mirambellus*: so that did not *Mezeray* write of the same Times in *French*, we should be at a loss to know who Monsieur *De Thou*'s Heroes were.

But to deal ingenuously with my Reader, I am not so much incensed at any of the Alterations which proper Names have suffered, as at that which has been practised by the *Italians* upon one of our Family.

Francis Gizzard, Brother to my Great Great Great Great Grandfather *Hezekiah Gizzard*, being a zealous Papist, in the Reign of King *Henry* the Eighth fled over into *Flanders*, having determined not to own the King's *Supremacy*. After receiving considerable Rewards from the Emperour *Charles the Great*, he went and settled at *Florence*; where they obliged him from *Gizzard* to call himself *Guiccardi*, and in a short Time prevailed upon him to lengthen out the Syllables into *Guiccardini*: Under which Denomination only he has appeared in Print. To convince my Readers that I advance nothing here but Fact, I am ready upon demand to produce a Letter written to *Hezekiah Gizzard*, dated *Florence 5th Jan.* 1531. which is subscribed *Your loving Brother* FRANCIS GIZZARD; *or, as they will call me here,* FRANCISCO GUICCARDINI.

I shall exemplify this Topick with a little Piece of History, which is intirely New.

In the Year 1707. a *Palatine* Gentleman, a notable Quaffer of *Rhenish*, came over into this Island. He had Lodgings taken before-hand for him in *Suffolk-street*. But, the Day after his Arrival in this City, he had the good Fortune to fall into the Company of a Jolly *Briton*; who discovering the Bent of his Genius, advised him to take up his Residence at the *Three Tuns* in *Shandois-street*. The Foreigner was so highly satisfyed with his Entertainment there; that when he published a *Latin* Volume of his Travels into *England*, the Year after his Return into his own Country, he employed three whole Pages in making it appear, for the Benefit of future Travellers, that *Gronovius* was the best Vintner and *Beccius* the most accomplished Cook in all *London*. Winter was two Years, I happened to meet with a Gentleman of the same Province, who, having read of the aforesaid Persons, had made a fruitless Inquiry after them for ten Days together. I no sooner cast my Eye upon his Book, than I found from several Particulars, that the Author under those Denominations could only mean my Friend Mr. *Gronous* and his excellent Operator for the Kitchin Mr. *Le Bec*. And it is to my skill they are indepted for deciphering their Names, when it so much concerned the Interest and Reputation of them Both: For which Piece of Service, I shall when I am at Leisure claim a Flask of *Burgundy* from the One, and a Soup with a Plate of Truffles nicely tossed up from the Other.

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